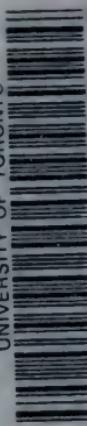


The New Stratford Shakespeare

Julius Caesar

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Cyrone Guthrie
C.B. Harrison

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JULIUS CÆSAR

THE NEW STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE



First Titles

JULIUS CÆSAR

MACBETH

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

TWELFTH NIGHT

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THE NEW STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE

JULIUS CÆSAR

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

With Introduction and Commentary by

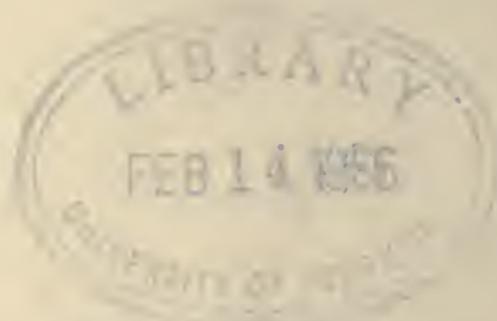
TYRONE GUTHRIE

Based upon the edited text of

G. B. HARRISON

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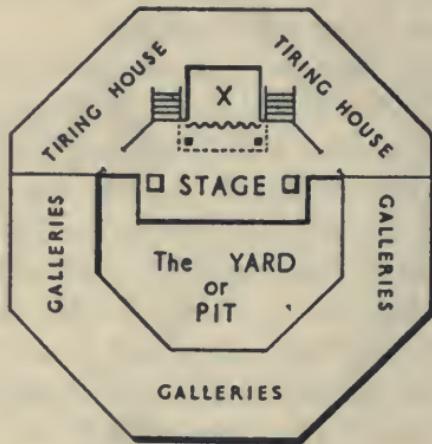
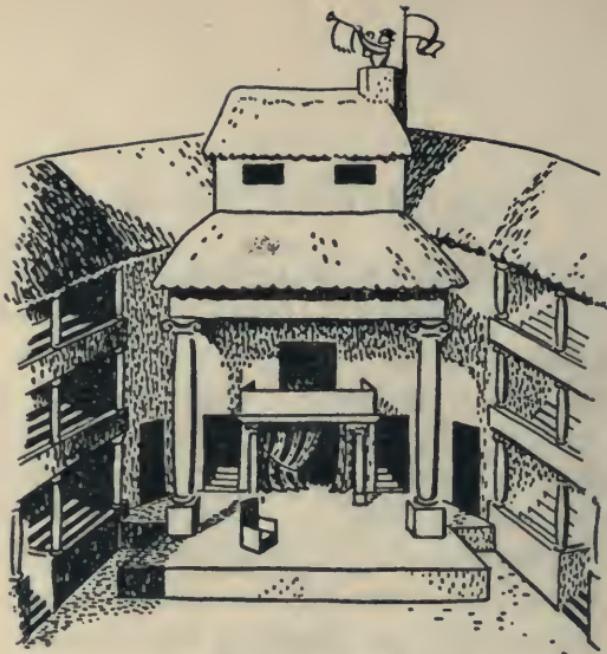
INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE'S plays are—first and foremost—the raw material for theatrical performances.

Because his play scripts also happen to be something known as Great Literature, and because during a period, which began approximately at the end of Shakespeare's life and lasted for about ten generations, the theatre was regarded by most serious people as a form of entertainment, at best frivolous, more frequently licentious, there has been a tendency for the literary aspects of the plays to be stressed at the expense of their theatrical qualities.

This is a pity, because it is quite evidently at odds with the intention of the author. Shakespeare prepared most of his scripts very hastily for immediate performance by a specific group of players. So little was he concerned with his work as Literature that it was not until after his death that the first publication occurred, and then the publishers, Heminge and Condell, had difficulty in piecing together a text from old prompt-scripts, occasionally eking out, we may suppose, by the memory of actors who had played in the original productions or early revivals of the plays.

Shakespeare's plays are highly complex organizations of words, action, and character—carefully adapted to the conditions of the houses in which they were played. These differed radically from the type of playhouse to which we are now accustomed, where the audience faces a stage which is framed by a 'Proscenium.'



THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

The space beneath the gallery can be concealed from the audience by curtains, so that a bed, for instance, or a throne can be set or struck while the action proceeds in front of the curtains.

The tiring house, as the name implies, is where the actors dress and where furniture, properties, and so on can be stored.

The Yard or Pit was available for spectators who stood; seats, at a higher price, were available in the galleries.

The Proscenium is a wall cutting off the auditorium from the stage; the audience looks at the play through a large hole in this wall. The hole is usually about thirty feet wide and thirty feet high and in many theatres is decorated to look like a gilt frame, within which the play is seen as a brightly lit picture. The accompanying plan indicates the shape of the Elizabethan playhouse. As you will see, there is no curtain; therefore there can be no elaborate scenic effects, which are nowadays prepared behind the Proscenium, to surprise the audience and create an effect of 'illusion.' One extremely relevant fact, which is not indicated on the plan, is that an audience grouped round the Elizabethan stage occupied a far smaller space than the same number of people arranged as they would be to face a Proscenium. The people in the back seats of the Elizabethan Theatre were consequently much nearer to the actors than are those who sit at the back of the pit or gallery in a present-day theatre of comparable capacity.

This has one all-important result. If no one is far from him the actor can establish a far more intimate contact with his audience. His facial expression and business do not have to be enlarged to project to the outermost reaches of a vast auditorium; and he can employ his full range of voice from a shout to a whisper. There is evidence that a theatre in Elizabethan London accommodated three thousand spectators in a cubic space that ensured intimate conditions. In the London theatre to-day a house which holds no more than half as many demands considerable technical accomplishment if the actor is to 'get across,' and

makes it out of the question to convey any really intimate or small effect. This is the reason why almost all our modern Shakespearian performances seem rather bombastic. For financial reasons, because the large cast requires a house of considerable monetary capacity, Shakespeare is nearly always played in a large theatre. A large theatre demands a large style of playing; and a 'tradition' of Shakespearian acting results—noisy, false, pretentious—and infinitely harmful to the understanding and appreciation of the plays.

All very well, you may say, but failing a theatre built on the Elizabethan plan, what is one to do?

If one has to produce a Shakespearian play in a Proscenium theatre, one does the best one can—and involves oneself quite inevitably in a series of unsatisfactory shifts and compromises because the writing of the play and the architecture of the theatre are driving at divergent aims. If, on the other hand, one is doing a Shakespeare play in a school-hall or any large room the problem is more soluble. The great thing, I suggest, is to try to get the actors as near as possible to their audience and to jettison firmly any idea of scenic 'illusion.' Too many producers think that a play just must be staged at one end of a room, probably one of the narrow ends, behind a curtain: a makeshift approximation, in short, to a 'Proscenium.'

If you get the audience *round* the actors, instead of all on one side of the actors, you will find straight away that several things happen. Your grouping will be greatly altered and become very much more natural and flexible. There will be no boring preoccupation with problems of 'masking.' If the audience sits

around three sides of a rectangular stage, actors cannot fail to mask one another; and that's that. This will make more difference to the players than can easily be imagined; they can now act in a perfectly natural physical relation to one another, there need be no fuss about whether one's back is turned to the audience because, however an actor faces, he cannot fail to have his back to some part of the audience.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing is how readily an audience accustomed to scenic illusion is prepared to dispense with it. Yet, after all, one must remember that even the most wonderfully realistic sets are only moderately realistic. I doubt very much whether illusion has ever been a very important factor in an audience's enjoyment of a serious play.

The Elizabethan Theatre had certain permanent features, of which the actors made considerable use in performance—a trap, for instance, for graves or entrances to dungeons; a balcony; and windows. Some simple approximation to these can usually be contrived, even if the Balcony be no more than a couple of planks set up between step-ladders. The great thing is not to fuss because a stage property does not look exactly like its counterpart in Real Life. It must have some appropriate relation to the rest of the production. You can't use a step-ladder for a staircase if everything else is elegantly or solidly 'in period.' But it is my experience that in theatrical production, especially by amateurs, a great deal of energy is spent upon inessential trimmings, that might more profitably be given to consideration of what the play is about. To express its meaning, what is needed first and last is

imaginative and sympathetic work by the actors and by their Director. If half the effort which is spent on carpentry, painting, tailoring, make-up, and electrical engineering—if half this amount of technique went into the direction of scenes so as to give them variety of pace and pitch, significant grouping and depth of feeling, then the audience, I think, would enjoy itself very much more. A well-played scene in front of any old background is worth more than the most sumptuous décor if the acting is poor.

Remember that in the Elizabethan Theatre there was no scenery. The actors came on to the stage and the audience had to imagine that the Scene was a street, a house, a garden, or a prison. This is not so difficult as you may suppose. Where a hint is required Shakespeare provides it. And imagination usually creates a more satisfactory background than a stage-carpenter and scene-painter can devise. Remember, too, that the imagination of the spectator is kindled by that of the actor. When, in *Twelfth Night*, the Sea-Captain says, "This is Illyria, Lady," it is the tone of his voice and the demeanour of himself and Viola which evoke Illyria. Good acting can conjure a complete and satisfying environment out of the air.

The notes which follow are meant to help you to think of some of the ideas which might be useful if you were producing one of these plays.

I suggest that to read the plays you have to create an imaginary performance in your mind's eye and ear, just as a producer has to do when he begins work. You must decide what kind of people the various characters are; you must 'see' their faces and figures; you must

INTRODUCTION

‘hear’ them speak. You must decide which words and speeches are fast, which slow; which loud, which soft. Eventually you must decide what you think each speech is meant to contribute to its own particular scene, and what each scene contributes to the whole play. And you must decide what you think the whole play is about. What, you must ask, is the *Meaning* of the story? But not at first, not all at once. If you try to do all these things right away, you will only get confused and worried and bored. First get a general impression, a fairly clear idea of the story, a feeling of the play’s ‘atmosphere.’ Then I think you will find that one or two moments, one or two ‘pictures,’ one or two phrases and characters and images, will have fixed themselves in your mind. That is the start. Next time you will get a little more; the next time a little more; until at last something complete begins to emerge.

There is no use pretending that this is not hard work; it is very hard, but interesting. To appreciate a great work of art always demands hard work and long application; and appreciation of it is largely a matter of application rather than of natural talent. Distrust people who pretend that they can ‘understand’ or ‘enjoy’ any great work easily. Some people can get a quicker and more vivid first impression than others. But it still is no more than a first impression—with all the virtues and failings of immediacy.

Also, do not think that after any amount of study you will arrive at the entire meaning of any great work of art. There is no such thing. All you will arrive at is its meaning in terms of your own experience and

JULIUS CÆSAR

comprehension: its meaning for you. That will differ from year to year as you yourself change. Moreover, your meaning will not necessarily be my meaning. Neither of our meanings may be Shakespeare's. For this reason, please do not take any of the suggestions and ideas which follow as being intended to suggest that there is A Right Way of reading or producing or imagining the plays of Shakespeare, or of anyone else. There is no single Right Way of doing anything. Even a simple action like hammering in a nail can be done in many different ways, none of them perfectly and absolutely right, but some of them more efficient than others. Reading a play is more complicated than hammering a nail, and there are even more possible ways of doing it. Still, none of them is perfectly right; but some may lead to more efficient and rewarding results than others.

In what follows, then, I am certainly not trying to suggest how the plays ought to be done; but merely to offer some ideas that may help you to read them as play-scripts, or raw material for actors; as indications of an intention, which is not complete in itself but requires the co-operation of interpreters—their voices, faces, dresses, the bustle and movement and ordered confusion of the stage, designed to create at each performance a series of impressions upon an audience.

Remember that an audience is a crowd. Anyone who is accustomed to dealing with crowds knows that they are comparatively easy to influence by means of emotion, comparatively hard to interest in ideas which are abstract or subtle. Therefore, while the work of Shakespeare, like that of any great master, is not lacking

in subtle and abstract ideas, its appeal is primarily and most strongly to the emotions. If you try to read these plays too rationally, analysing motives, examining morals, searching for meanings and messages, you will be apt to miss the bus. Search for the feelings. Think, in reading a scene, with what feelings the audience is intended to react. That will probably be the clue to the meaning of the scene. What you have felt while reading the play, rather than any purely intellectual reaction, will be the sum of that play's meaning for you. After you have felt something, then is the moment to begin wondering what and why the feeling was.

If someone offers to take you for a ride in an aeroplane, to show you far and strange places, surely it's a poor idea to begin by trying to take the machine to pieces. On the wings of Shakespeare's imagination we can fly to far and strange lands of the spirit. But too many students feel they must begin by taking the entire machine apart, examining it piece by piece, parsing this, analysing that, with the result that they never leave the ground.

Go for a spin. Have a look at Illyria from the air. Then, when you get into trouble, you can start tinkering. That may sound dangerous advice to an aeronaut. To the student of Shakespeare it is less dangerous. The inexperienced reader may be let down with a bump. It is a bruise to the spirit, but fortunately the spirit, being immortal, can survive disasters that would break our fragile bodies. Besides, ten to one the fall has been brought about, not by any fault in the machine, but by the inexpertness of a novice.

Experience of this flying machine will bring

confidence; confidence, the ability to fly; and then will follow trips to far lands, journeys, not merely in space, but in time, and in realms outside space and time. Believe me, the reward will be well worth the pains.

This edition makes use of the text prepared some years ago by Professor G. B. Harrison for *The New Readers' Shakespeare*. Professor Harrison believed that many students would welcome rather fuller stage directions than are customarily given in Shakespearian texts, most of which copy the directions of Nicholas Rowe in the first edited collection of the plays, published 1709.

In *The New Readers' Shakespeare*, therefore, Professor Harrison gave his own stage directions, making information explicit which was implicit in Shakespeare's text. I agree that this makes the plays easier to read and enjoy, if one is not very familiar with them. Therefore, with Professor Harrison's permission, his stage directions have been used in this edition.

The customary division of the plays into five acts is likewise the work of Nicholas Rowe. Since modern theatrical usage has almost entirely abandoned the five-act division, and since I feel sure that an arbitrary grouping of scenes into acts (with the implication that there is a break after each act) is at odds with the author's intention, I have numbered the scenes consecutively.

Scene divisions do not imply any break in continuity, merely a change of personnel, or an imagined change in locality or time. For convenience of reference, Rowe's act and scene numbers are also quoted in brackets.

COMMENTARY

WHAT is this play about?

The title of a Shakespeare play often offers a key to its meaning. It is surely an odd but significant thing that, in this play, the part of Julius Cæsar, though very effective, is very short. He is killed around half-time, and even while he is still alive, is never the chief character. Clearly, then, it is not about the life of Julius Cæsar. But, arguably, it is about his death; and, I suggest, it is about the reasons for his death, the death itself, and then, most importantly, the consequences of his death.

This is a case where the plot, or story, of the play can be very clearly differentiated from the theme. By the story I mean the sequence of events which occur to the characters of the play, either before our eyes in action or else, like Casca's description of the offering of the crown to Cæsar, in narration.

By the theme I mean the idea, or complex of ideas, which are the author's comment upon the story.

Remember it is not possible, it just is not possible, to tell even the simplest story without some kind of comment. Such comment need not be conscious. Often it is made when the teller, or author, of the story quite unconsciously omits some element, or stresses another, or invents something on the spur of the moment. Such omissions, emphases, and inventions give to the story the particular slant which the author requires it to have, usually for reasons of which he is unaware.

JULIUS CÆSAR

In this case, however, comment is very conscious. Let us consider what Shakespeare means to imply, by considering very briefly the structure of the play.

The first scenes 'establish the situation': Cæsar is likely to assume absolute power in Rome. A group of aristocrats, for various reasons, feel so strongly opposed to this that they are prepared to go to the length of assassinating the would-be Dictator. Of this group the principal figure is Brutus, a man moved by no personal hostility to Cæsar, but only by considerations of the public good. Brutus, at the beginning of the play, is uncertain where he stands. He hesitates to upset the régime, recoils in horror from the act of murder. The murder-plot is the conception of the clever and ambitious Cassius, who brings every influence he can to bear on Brutus. By the end of *Scene 4* Brutus has been persuaded to head the conspiracy.

The assassination takes place.

Then Brutus makes the fatal political mistake of allowing Antony, a handsome young friend of Cæsar, whose importance and ability he under-estimates, to make the Funeral Oration over Cæsar's body. Antony uses the occasion to inflame the anger of the Roman populace against the aristocratic conspirators; Brutus and Cassius are forced to fly from the city; Antony joins forces with Octavius, Cæsar's nephew and heir. The removal of the Dictator has been achieved. But civil war has been precipitated.

At this point we are only about two-thirds of the way through the play. It is now clear that Julius Cæsar is not the play's central figure, but Brutus.

Clear, too, that the play is less concerned with the actual murder than with its consequences.

The remaining scenes show the Cæsarian Party, led by Octavius and Antony, defeating the Conspirators' Party. This defeat is the more inevitable because of the disaffection between Brutus and Cassius. At the same time we are shown that all is not well between the victors either: Octavius and Antony are quarrelling too.

Side by side with this picture of political and military disintegration, is shown the personal disintegration of Brutus. Like Macbeth, he is a great man haunted, sapped, and finally destroyed by the guilt of murder.

In performance, as in so many of Shakespeare's plays, it is easier to hold an audience in the early and middle parts of the play than in the last third—not, I think, that the author's work deteriorates. The difficulty arises because the final scenes of Shakespearian tragedy show the conflict resolved in action: but action of a kind (battles, suicides, violence of all sorts) which cannot be made convincing by the naturalistic methods, which for some generations have dominated theatrical presentation.

The final impression, created by the pell-mell sequence of disasters culminating in the defeat and death of Brutus and the uneasy triumph of Octavius and Antony, should be one of disintegration, the falling apart of what the whole conspiracy had been designed to protect. This is not an easy effect to achieve because, again, it is at odds with customary theatrical procedure. Usually plays are designed so that the end brings all the loose ends of the story together and offers them to the audience tied with a neat bow of silver ribbon: the 'happy ever after' convention; or, where

a 'happy' ending is quite out of the question, as in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *King Lear*, an ending where the tragic events of the play are irradiated by the hope of a more auspicious future. Here, however, the whole point is lost if the future is indicated to be anything but gloomy and confused. Like Sophocles' *Œdipus*, this is a tragedy where the good intentions of the central figure are rewarded with nothing but disaster; and at the end the audience is left to take what consolation it can, not from virtue rewarded and vice punished, but merely from the fact that the chief character has steadfastly done what he *believed* to be right.

That is what I believe to be the conscious comment of the author. There is a further comment, of which he may also have been conscious, but of which he was more probably only partly aware. It is a hidden theme of many, perhaps even most of his serious plays. Brutus, like Macbeth, murdered a man who stood to him in the relation of King or Father, for a King is a symbolical Father, what psychologists call a Father Figure. Julius Cæsar, like King Duncan, like Hamlet's father, is one more instance of that figure which was almost an obsession with Shakespeare, one of the great, so-called archetypal Figures that haunt the frontiers of human consciousness—the Murdered Father.

SCENE 1 (ACT I, SCENE I)

The play begins with a crowd scene and plenty of bustle.

Note how throughout the play the populace is shown as collectively important but individually negligible.

The facetious Cobbler with his puns is a rather melancholy little instance of how jokes lose their savour. Very likely at some future date they will seem amusing again, but now they are as dull as jokes can well be. No doubt the idea is to start the play off by putting the audience in a good humour; also to show that the Roman rabblement was not without spirit.

The Tribunes, who are something between our Chief Constables and Magistrates, are contrasted characters. Marullus takes a sharper and more hectoring tone than Flavius. But Flavius would seem to be the senior; in the matter of tidying up the images he gives instructions to Marullus, and Marullus defers to his opinion as to whether they may do so. It is a nice sardonic touch that Flavius, who seems to be a gentle nice old man, is, for this particular matter of pulling scarves off Cæsar's images, put to silence, and Marullus with him. This may mean no more than that they were forbidden to speak; but may it not mean that they were put to death?

The intention of the scene is to establish the feverish atmosphere of the city: ripe for revolution and counter-revolution; also to establish the opposition to the Dictatorship of Cæsar which is felt by responsible public officials like Marullus and Flavius.

SCENE 2 (ACT I, SCENE II)

The feverish atmosphere of the crowd must be intensified as Cæsar approaches. It is Hitler at a Nuremberg rally.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Note how Cæsar's deafness, superstition, and morbid depression are established and contrasted with his immense authority.

The bustle and excitement of Cæsar's passage are used to heighten the effect of the scene which follows. One moment the stage is packed with people, throbbing with excitement, a tumult of noise and movement. For an instant there is silence, and into the stillness the Soothsayer drops his ominous "Beware the Ides of March." Still in the silence he is brought forward, a weird figure, blind perhaps; then comes Cæsar's curt, "He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass." He moves off, the cheering and excitement break out again; and suddenly the stage is empty. Only two figures remain—Brutus and Cassius—who begin a conversation in low tones, casual at first, but gradually working to a scene of powerful feeling, yet always quietly expressed. Always the audience must have the feeling that this conversation is highly secret, highly dangerous—political dynamite.

Brutus and Cassius are the two chief characters of the play; with Antony and Cæsar a good third and fourth. Let us briefly consider the nature of the two leading parts.

On several occasions Cassius is shown to be more acute than Brutus; notably in the matter of permitting Antony to make the funeral oration over Julius Cæsar's body (*Scene 7: Act III, Scene I*); and when they differ over the strategic plan (*Scene 12: Act IV, Scene III*), although both have good reasons for their views, Brutus's plan, which is adopted, in fact turns out badly. I think we are intended to suppose Cassius the better

strategist, as he is the better politician. But Brutus is the nobler character. Again and again the point is made that he engages in the Conspiracy to murder Cæsar, simply and solely because he considers it a public duty. Cassius may be suspected of personal ambition in this matter; just as the charge of 'graft' against him (*Scene 12: Act IV, Scene III*) may reasonably be believed by the audience.

Of the two, Brutus is the more dominant personality. He is unquestionably accepted as their head by the Conspirators, including Cassius. At the moment of crisis, just before the murder, Cassius is near panic. It is Brutus who keeps steady. After the murder Cassius has the better grasp of the political situation, but Brutus leads; and Cassius, although he protests ("Brutus, a word with you," etc.), has to acquiesce in the disastrous decision to permit Antony's funeral oration.

In the great quarrel scene (*Scene 12*) Brutus, distracted by news of Portia's death, in a most threatening and unnerving political and strategic situation, still keeps his head better than Cassius. He is the bigger man.

How should they look? Both must immediately and powerfully suggest aristocracy—breeding and discipline. Cassius must not give the lie to Cæsar's allusions to his lean and hungry look; it is possible to imagine him dark, rather excitable, and neurotically handsome, more quick and glittering than Brutus.

Brutus must not, however, because he is less clever than Cassius, seem a dullard. On the stage, as in novels, it is all too easy for weakness to be attractive, vice to be even fascinating, and goodness to be a bore.

The actor who plays Brutus is helped because the character has one central, all-pervading, interesting weakness: he is at odds with himself. He believes that in the public interest Cæsar must be destroyed. But, having destroyed him, he feels guilty. That this feeling may be morally right is irrelevant. From the practical point of view, it is a fatal weakness that destroys him, and goes a long way toward the destruction of the Rome which he had sought to save from Cæsar.

Brutus and Cassius are interrupted by the return of Cæsar and his retinue. Note the changed atmosphere. The great man has taken an epileptic fit in public; under the gaze of thousands he has fallen down and foamed at the mouth. The audience only hears of this, as do Brutus and Cassius, later from Casca, but the demeanour of Cæsar, Calpurnia, Antony, and all those with them, must make it immediately clear that something strange and unpleasant has clouded what should have been a triumphant public appearance.

Casca's part, though short, is packed with what actors call 'jam'—a nobleman who speaks with an affectation of bluntness and rudeness. The type is still extant; one can see it at horse-shows. Casca's reaction to Cicero and his Greek suggests the sporting peer reacting to "some damned highbrow" spouting French in the Lords. Note (*Scene 4: Act II, Scene I*) the confident emphasis with which, again in reference to Cicero, he is for including him in the Conspiracy and then, with no less emphasis, is for leaving him out. But it is Casca who, when it comes to the decisive and desperately dangerous moment, first strikes at Cæsar. This bespeaks great courage. If the others had not

followed suit, if Cæsar had happened to be wearing a shirt of mail, if, for any one of a hundred reasons, the conspiracy had miscarried, Casca would have been irretrievably lost.

SCENE 3 (Act I, SCENE III)

The storm, the thunder, the darkness, all build up the feeling of disturbance and tension.

Remember that on the stage for which Shakespeare wrote there was no scenery and no artificial light. There may have been some sort of flash effects to represent lightning; and almost certainly there was some mechanical means of imitating thunder; but the atmosphere is mainly created by the lines, the insistent repetition of alarming portents, and by the nervous tension of the playing.

Note that Casca, the sporting peer, is in a panic; while Cicero, the literary highbrow, is quite calm.

The scene plays on a gathering impetus, exactly matching the gathering impetus of the Conspiracy.

Note the meeting-place of the Conspirators—at Pompey's Porch. It was the defeat and death of Pompey in the civil war which precipitated the political crisis. Pompey's Porch is appropriate, since Pompey personifies opposition to Cæsar's dictatorship.

Note also that one of the anonymous letters to Brutus is to be fixed with wax to the statue of old Brutus, his famous ancestor. Cassius is working on Brutus's intense feeling about his ancestors. The message will mean far more to Brutus if related in his mind to the statue.

SCENE 4 (Act II, SCENE I)

The atmosphere is immediately established by the reference to the stars. The opening lines make clear in masterly fashion that Brutus is out of doors, and at an hour when night is giving way to morning. Not only does this tell us something about Brutus's state of mind—he cannot sleep, he has had to go out and walk about—it also establishes that this scene immediately follows the previous scene in time.

The time sequence is well planted; Shakespeare intends the audience to be aware of it (*Scene 3: Act I, Scene III*); clearly occurs late at night but before midnight, since no less than three times is it mentioned that Cæsar is going to the Capitol on the morrow; and Casca mentions a rumour that on the morrow the Senators mean to establish him as King. The Conspirators are waiting for Cassius at Pompey's Porch; he is late for the appointment. Cassius intends to meet his fellow accomplices and then to bring them along with him to Brutus's house "ere day." Therefore the Conspirators are to be expected at any moment, so that the impetus of the plot and the expectation of the audience are maintained during the very slow opening of this scene. We know that at any moment, on the arrival of the party from Pompey's Porch, Brutus will have to decide whether or not to attempt the life of Cæsar. His inward debate is therefore of dramatic importance as well as psychological interest. The longer the audience waits for this decision, the more its expectation will grow, provided attention is kept to

the matter in hand. The soliloquy, which is subtle and difficult, must be played very slowly. But by 'planting' the early expectation of the Conspirators and of exciting action, a very slow speech here is made dramatically advantageous.

The intention of the soliloquy is to make it clear that Brutus is actuated by no personal malice towards Cæsar; on the contrary, he likes and admires him. The soliloquy in Elizabethan drama is invariably used to express the sincere convictions of the speaker. We must, after this speech, believe Brutus's public protestations of his love for Cæsar to be truthful.

During the first soliloquy, while Lucius is fetching the taper, Brutus convinces himself intellectually. He is not convinced emotionally till after he reads the paper, which Lucius has found, and which the audience knows to have been dropped, on Cassius's instructions, by Cinna. The decision of Brutus is clinched by patriotic and especially by family emotions. The idea of Rome to him is inextricably intertwined with family pride; it is the place which his ancestors loved and fought for.

When the Conspirators arrive, the vital conversation between Brutus and Cassius is not heard by the audience. It is not necessary; its tenor is already known. Instead, Decius, Casca, and Cinna conduct an apparently trivial conversation. Shakespeare uses the same device when Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus are waiting for the ghost to appear upon the battlements of Elsinore. Hamlet, to ease his nervousness, discourses quite irrelevantly to the matter in hand

(*Hamlet*, Act I, Scene V). In this case the Conspirators obliquely inform the audience that day—the fatal Ides of March—has dawned. Otherwise their little conversation is irrelevant, but its very triviality enables the actors to suggest their nervousness. One can imagine that while they talk they keep an eye on Brutus and Cassius to see what they can glean from their looks.

Brutus declines to take a formal oath of loyalty because he considers he is amongst a group of friends. The implication that this conspiracy is taking place amongst a small group of aristocratic, privileged families is very strong throughout the play. The treatment of the common people is contemptuous. Cæsar never symbolizes, as did Hitler, the Little Man, is never representative of the masses. Such a conception would be quite alien to Shakespeare's period and to himself. His 'Heroes' are all Great Personages; most of them have strong dynastic ambitions. The succession is nearly always an important issue (that of Fortinbras in *Hamlet* and Bolingbroke in *Richard II*, for instance) and symbolizes the Future in personal and dynastic terms. To us to-day dynastic and personal considerations are less important than continuity of policy. We think of Great Personages, even of Royal Personages who command affection as symbolic heads of the National Family, as executives of our collective will rather than as individuals whose own wishes govern public policy. It is inconceivable to us that public affairs should be at the mercy of a small group of Aristocrats. But that is the state of affairs on which this play is based. It was true in its own day, may be

true again, and is not so difficult to imagine that we cannot understand the essential truth of Shakespeare's comments upon human nature and the conduct of public affairs.

The scene between Brutus and Portia: the play is an overwhelmingly masculine affair, concerned hardly at all with family life. Portia is not important either in its political or psychological development. But this single affectionate scene between husband and wife is valuable as a contrast to the rest; and valuable as showing the human rather than the merely monumental side of Brutus. The players must express it in the simplest and most affectionate terms; humanity must not be swamped by togas and big jewels and all the outer accoutrements of Noble Romans.

The interesting little scene with Ligarius draws attention back from personal affairs to the Conspiracy. So that, when the next scene begins, the audience instantly realizes that the fears of poor Calpurnia are only too well justified, and that Cæsar is walking straight into the Conspirators' trap.

If the play is to be given in three parts, here I suggest is the place for the first interval, so that the murder sequence becomes the middle section in performance and can be played without a break.

SCENE 5 (Act II, SCENE II)

The audience knows what Cæsar does not know, that the group of smiling friends are deadly enemies come to conduct him to the slaughter. The study of the ailing, bragging, doomed Dictator is masterly. If the

JULIUS CÆSAR

play had no other great scenes, this one alone would proclaim it the work of a master dramatist.

SCENE 6A (Act II, SCENE III)

The little episode of Artemidorus is what is technically known as a Suspense Scene. The audience is intended to think that maybe after all Cæsar will not walk into the trap.

Similarly, Portia's scene increases the suspense. Portia has now been told by Brutus what is afoot and is in an agony of anxiety. The Soothsayer again builds up the possibility that Cæsar may be warned.

SCENE 7 (Act III, SCENE I)

THE MURDER

Mark the changes of mood and speed. The Soothsayer and Artemidorus are summarily, but with dignity, dismissed. The possibility of rescue is thus extinguished. The dialogue between Brutus and Cassius about Popilius Lena is a rapid undertone, with Cassius near panic. Then follows formal procedure, the Hearing of Petitions, which demands quite a leisurely formal pace, played against the palpitating anxiety of the Conspirators. Then there is the hurly-burly of the murder, panic among the bystanders, excited rapid dialogue between the Conspirators, until they are steadied and rallied by Brutus. Throughout this sequence it is notable how Brutus dominates. He is far stronger and calmer than Cassius.

Then follows the ceremonial and symbolic bathing in the blood of Cæsar, a Purification Rite. (Compare William Cowper's strange but impressive poem, "There is a Fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins.") By this ritual the scene is again lifted into a formal and stately key.

Antony's servant now comes with his master's ceremonious, over-elaborate protestations. The plot has taken a new turn. It is clear now that the murder has not disposed of the political problem. It has merely removed the single personality strong enough to hold the State of Rome together.

The theme of the play now begins to disclose itself. It begins now to be apparent that Rome may disintegrate.

Antony, the third principal figure of the play—Cæsar's part though important is soon over—now becomes prominent for the first time. Remember, however, that though so far he has said very little, and therefore seems to have made only a small impression when one is reading, it would be very different in the Theatre. Antony has been twice seen as an important and beloved figure in Cæsar's entourage; and the effect on the eye must be impressive. His physical beauty should be startling and memorable; and this is the more emphasized because on his first appearance he is stripped for a ceremonial race. Shakespeare intends the audience to have what is vulgarly known as an 'eyeful.' Now, but not till now, we get an 'earful' as well: the handsome young man emerges as a formidable politician.

In a matter of moments he has played on the generous

and simple-hearted Brutus and extorted permission to make the funeral oration over Cæsar's body. A cynical and unscrupulous politician himself, Cassius sees the political trouble which Antony may thus be able to stir up.

Brutus has been moved by Antony's emotion. And it is important that the actor who plays Antony must convey genuine emotion over Cæsar's death. This is compatible with using the occasion for political advantage; and it is only fair to Antony to allow that self-advancement is not his only political motive. There is also the need to avenge Cæsar's death and to work for the continuation of Cæsar's policy and Cæsar's line. Hence Antony's alliance with Octavius, Cæsar's nephew and heir. The soliloquy "Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth" shows perfectly clearly where Antony's sympathies lie, and that we must not believe his protestation of friendship to the Conspirators. It shows, too, that his grief for Cæsar is genuine.

Note how, on the climax of this great speech, a Servant slips in. To Antony it must seem like the intervention of God. This moment, it seems to me, should be directed as follows: the speech built up to a loud and emotional climax, upon which the Servant enters very quietly, but with the weight and authority which tells the audience that his entrance is important. He must be emphatically placed for the entrance—at the back rather than at the side. Antony feels someone's presence, turns, and is either instinctively aware, or else perceives by the uniform, that it is a Messenger from Octavius. A long pause while he takes in the

implication of this. Then, very quietly: "You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?" in such a tone as to mark the inevitability of fate, the spirit of Julius Cæsar still governing events. All the dialogue which follows, including the soldier's breakdown, when he sees the body of Cæsar, is quiet, but weighty, important.

Cæsar dead, we must feel, is no less powerful than Cæsar living.

The taking up of the small, mangled, insignificant clay at the end marks this point ironically. Antony and the soldier should lift it together, I feel. Then Antony should take it in his arms as though it were a baby. The effect should not be, however, so much sentimental as formidable.

SCENE 8 (Act III, SCENE II)

This in many ways is The Big Scene of the play, with its celebrated set-pieces, its brilliant manipulation of plot, and the possibilities it offers in the way of mass effects. There is some danger, however, that it can be too important and that after it the play may dwindle away.

The way to guard against this, I suggest, is to find the intention and the pattern of the later scenes. This is rather difficult because they are obviously ill adapted to the proscenium stage.

Note, at the end of this scene, a second important entrance, for the Messenger from Octavius, not dissimilar to the first, which it is clearly meant to echo. This time the stage has been full and suddenly empties, leaving Antony alone. The Messenger comes; and this

time the dialogue is more positive and forceful. The Servant's part is more confident. The manner of the scene mirrors its decisive content. Octavius is come to Rome; Brutus and Cassius are rid like madmen through the gates; "Bring me," says Antony, "to Octavius."

SCENE 9 (Act III, SCENE III)

This little scene shows the demoralization of the city. Because his name resembles that of one of the Conspirators, a perfectly innocent man is torn to pieces by a crowd thirsty for blood. It is placed to form a pendant to the Murder Sequence. This, the dramatist says, is what happens when the head of the state is suddenly cut off.

The next scene follows after a lapse of time. An interval, I suggest, should occur here whether the play be given in two parts or three. This sinister, blood-chilling episode should have the emphasis of finality.

SCENE 10 (Act IV, SCENE I)

The first appearance of Octavius. The part is small, but must be played by an actor of strong personality. It can 'double' with Julius Cæsar: a family resemblance is reasonable, and the 'double' offers interesting possibilities to a good actor. The appearance of Cæsar's Ghost requires a quick, but not impossibly quick, change of costume.

The scene introduces Octavius, and suggests that the audience is meant to sympathize with the Conspirators. The cold-blooded proscription of their enemies

by Octavius and Antony, followed by their insolent subordination of Lepidus, is not endearing.

The actor who plays Antony has an interesting chance in this scene to show the development from handsome, attractive youth to formidable power-politician.

From now on the scenes alternate between the two opposing forces. Remember that they were written with no change of scenery in mind: no pauses while a new 'picture' was set up in terms of scenery. Even the drawing or the opening of a curtain makes a break in continuity. In my opinion, the sequence of scenes from now till the end of the play demands absolute continuity, otherwise impetus is lost and the intended rhythm is destroyed. Information about where the characters are supposed to be is invariably given, when necessary, *in the text*. Moreover, all the localities suggested in the following scenes—a battlefield, a hill, and so on—are difficult to suggest in terms of scenery. They are, in fact, better imagined, without interruption to the continuity.

SCENE 11 (Act IV, SCENE II)

The Brutus we see now must show a visible decline from the Brutus of earlier scenes. He is a tired, harried, haunted man. As in nearly all Shakespearian plays, murder is visited by disastrous consequences. Like *Macbeth* and *Richard III*, Brutus is sapped and eventually destroyed by his own sense of guilt.

At the very beginning of the scene the core of the situation is disclosed; disagreement between the two leaders of the Conspiracy; Brutus and Cassius are at odds.

In these military scenes there should be plenty of soldiers. Obviously whole armies cannot be shown, but the Generals should be handsomely attended. Otherwise, after the busy and exciting crowd-scenes earlier, there will not be the intended contrast when the two leaders are alone together in Brutus's Tent in the next scene.

The soldiers, like their leaders, should be strained and weary; their heart is not in the fight. Their demeanour should be a contrast to the excitement and vitality of the earlier crowd-scenes; and this will help to mark the general decline and disintegration which ought, I suggest, to be the dominant effect in these latter scenes.

SCENE 12 (Act IV, SCENE III)

As soon as the two leaders are alone there is no attempt to preserve appearances. They go at it hammer and tongs; but the two actors must be careful not to get to the top of their climax too early. The top, I suggest, is Cassius's outburst, "Come, Antony and young Octavius, come." But different actors will 'feel' it differently, and there is no single Right Way to play this or any other scene. I consider that from here on to the end of the speech Cassius should play full out. In the next speech—beginning, "Sheathe your dagger"—Brutus pulls them both back to sanity. But about their reconciliation there is something over-emotional and hysterical. Never again can their partnership be a happy or successful one.

The little episode of the intruding poet reinforces

this atmosphere of hysteria. It also marks the fact that the entire camp is aware of the quarrel between the two Generals—not the best tonic for an army whose 'morale' is already shaky.

The news of Portia's death has been the subject of a good deal of editorial comment. It is known to Brutus before the scene with Cassius, to whom he mentions it. Yet, later in the scene, when Messala asks him if he has had this news, he denies it. Some editors conclude therefore that the text is corrupt; that alternative versions have been printed together. My own view is that the text is correct. Brutus does know. He pretends not to, in order to 'draw' from Messala information which he hopes against hope will contradict his own. When his own letters instead of being contradicted are confirmed, the audience sees the stoicism of which he has spoken to Cassius: "No man bears sorrows better."

Portia's death and its effect on Brutus again recall *Macbeth*. Just when Macbeth and Brutus are in direst straits, most in need of a feeling of stability and confidence, news comes of the terrible suicide of the person upon whom each of them has most relied.

Shocked by bereavement, shaken by the quarrel with Cassius, Brutus is in no state for an important Council of War. Again he and Cassius disagree. Brutus prevails. His plan seems reasonable enough, but in the event it proves disastrous. He is a doomed man.

The introduction of Claudius and Varro is partly, I think, to suggest the disturbed state of Brutus: he may send them on business to Cassius. This suggests either that he may have second thoughts about the

strategic plan, or, more drastically, second thoughts about allowing Cassius to retain his command; at all events, second thoughts. Partly, too, they are introduced because, however this episode be staged, Shakespeare required them on stage for the scene of the Ghost.

The apparition of Julius Cæsar must suggest that, even in death, his is the most powerful influence at work.

About the awakening of Lucius, Claudius, and Varro I am undecided. Did they feel the presence of the Ghost and in fact cry out in their sleep? or did Brutus imagine the cries? I incline to the former view. If well acted, their cries would enhance the atmosphere, and reinforce the meaning, of the Ghost scene. No one, of course, must see the Ghost but Brutus. But if the sleepers 'feel' its presence, it seems to me to reinforce the idea of its potency, its all-pervading influence beneath the level of consciousness.

The Ghost, I think, should appear in the likeness of Cæsar after the murder. Not a dignified warrior and emperor, but a small, battered, blood-stained corpse.

Note the practical effect of the apparition: reacting violently against his fear and horror, determined not to allow this to influence what he considers his better judgment, Brutus sends orders to Cassius to proceed, as arranged, with his disastrous plan.

Finally a word as to the changes of 'tempo' and 'key' in this scene: it begins with the violent quarrel—fast and noisy. Then comes the little intrusion of the Poet, again rapid, noisy; but a lighter, more hysterical tone than that of the quarrel. Then the news of Portia's

death, which must be acted quietly, with restraint; the military planning is quiet too, business-like, matter of fact. The scene is dimming down from the blaze of the quarrel, to the subdued nocturnal loneliness which is the appropriate atmosphere for the Ghost's appearance. The scene with Lucius ought, I think, to be played slowly with long, reflective pauses. The moment when Brutus alone is left awake must be elaborately and weightily prepared. Otherwise there is a danger that the Ghost's appearance, instead of being one of the most significant and important moments of the play, becomes a mere pendant to the quarrel.

SCENE 13 (ACT V, SCENE I)

Straight on. Any change of scene here would break the rhythm. The previous scene ends in movement and bustle: Claudius and Varro dispatched to Cassius, Brutus and Lucius going to dress—a very quick change, incidentally; Brutus is 'on' again in less than a minute, having changed from night things to something suitable for a General at a formal parley.

This scene starts calmly and slowly.. Octavius is always calm.

Note that in this camp too the Generals are at odds; and note the contrast in tone. Where Brutus and Cassius were violent, Octavius and Antony are icily polite; restrained, passionless, they hiss like two snakes.

There follows one of those formal Scenes of Defiance between the two opposed forces which are a convention of Elizabethan drama. The clash will eventually be

physically expressed in mime, but it is nearly always preceded by such a scene as this—there are several in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*—or else by a stirring address on the part of the Generals to their Troops, as in *Richard III* or *Henry V*.

In modern warfare just such defiance and insult are issued by radio, and for just the same reasons.

The withdrawal of Antony and Octavius is followed by the gloomy forebodings and formal farewells of the doomed Conspirators. The confusion of a noble mind o'erthrown is wonderfully suggested in Brutus. Almost in the same breath as he condemns suicide, he agrees that he will never go bound to Rome; but to avoid that, if he is defeated, there can be no other course but suicide.

SCENE 14 (Act V, SCENE II)

Between this scene and the previous one, it may be supposed that the battle begins.

These battles are no less a convention than the Defiance which so often precedes them. The situation is prepared, its implications discussed, and then the conflict is finally resolved in action.

Little is known about how these scenes were produced in Shakespeare's day. Evidently the convention was understood and appreciated by his audience better than it is by us. Nowadays these battles are apt to seem absurd, principally because we have been schooled to expect a naturalistic convention in the theatre; to expect, that is, events in the theatre to be a close imitation of their counterparts in real life: to

think precise imitation more important than a possibly more interesting but less literal suggestion of reality.

Now a stage battle simply cannot be very like a real battle. The action of such scenes can only be interesting if we can find methods of presentation which are in themselves so interesting and expressive that audiences are prepared to dispense with mere imitation.

Unless a modern audience can be induced to accept the highly artificial actions of stage battle upon which the last seven scenes of this tragedy depend, it will not be able to apprehend either their meaning or their structure; and it will not be possible for the actor who plays Brutus, any more than for the actor who plays Macbeth, to give full expression to some of the greatest revelations of human nature under stress which have ever been conceived.

For these scenes to be appreciated action and words must be completely correlated; the exposition of character and the speaking of the verse simply cannot be divorced from the action, from the physical movement of these scenes of battle. In any production of *Julius Cæsar* which I have seen the battles have been so inadequately staged that all momentum has died out of the play; the actors have been fighting, not an exciting imaginary battle against their imaginary enemies in the play, but a desperate rearguard action against the all too real boredom of the audience.

Inherently there is nothing more absurd or unconvincing about a conventionalized battle than about the conventionalized action which we admire in ballet, for instance, or a football match. Football is a good instance of the mimic battle fought by extremely

arbitrary conventions or rules. The observance of the rules makes the game a more, not less, interesting spectacle. Therefore I see no reason why a stage battle, fought according to strict rules or conventions, should not be as acceptable to us as it was to our no less critical and intelligent Elizabethan forbears. In fact it is not; because these battles are fought with inadequate skill. Ballet is interesting because it is pretty and graceful and so on, but also because it is an expression of great athletic accomplishment. Stage battles must, I think, have some similar element, and will only be made interesting by the skilful execution of skilfully arranged manœuvres. Such manœuvres can be more exciting and their rhythm be more easily co-ordinated by the use of accompanying music. 'Incidental' music to a play should not, in general, be elaborate. There is danger, if so, that it will produce an operatic effect, with the result that the spoken word seems comparatively colourless. For battle scenes like this I suggest that a good effect can be got with percussion and simple trumpet or horn fanfares. Where a more lyric and less martial effect is called for, a few strings, or a small group of singers is, in my opinion, more suitable than any elaborate orchestral combination.

SCENE 15 (Act V, SCENE III)

The hill which Pindarus climbed would be, I presume, the balcony of the Elizabethan theatre.

The deaths of Cassius and Titinius must not be too emphatically staged; there are too many deaths to

permit each actor to make a nice juicy end. The audience will then eventually just laugh at the slaughter. Brutus's death is the most significant and important, and its thunder must not be stolen by earlier and over-spectacular suicides.

Note the lines provided for the clearance of the bodies: "Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body"—and the six following lines, none of which has any important meaning, but which provide, as it were, a rhetorical accompaniment for necessary, and potentially interesting, stage business.

Inexperienced producers and actors often think that the lines must always be the focal point of interest. This is not so; nor should stage business be just a mere matter of necessity. Here the bodies have to be cleared as a matter of necessity, but a virtue can, and should, be made of this and similar necessities. The bodies can, and should, be cleared expressively, interestingly; so that the 'Business' has significance and poignancy.

SCENE 16 (Act V, SCENE IV)

Brutus's position is now such that the heads of great families have to run hither and yon making personal appeals to their scattered and demoralized followers.

Antony approaches with fresh, well-disciplined men. He is calm, self-assured, and can afford to be generous.

SCENE 17 (Act V, SCENE V)

Antony, with the air of a conqueror, with his smart, self-confident retinue, gives way to Brutus in the last

stages of despair, with only a handful of tired and defeated men about him. It is Cæsar, the haunting obsession of Cæsar, that drives him on to the suicide he knows to be cowardice.

It seems a little strange that it should be Strato, a hitherto unknown character, who helps Brutus to his death, rather than Lucius, whom the audience knows and likes.

With Octavius and Antony must come the largest possible muster of troops, the handsomest deployments of ensigns and standards. This is the finale to a big piece; the picture must match the melancholy grandeur of the lines.

Again note that lines are provided for the formal lifting of the body of Brutus; also the design of the end as a processional exit, since in the Elizabethan theatre there was no curtain.

The final speeches should mark the estrangement of Antony and Octavius. The audience must at every possible point be reminded that the removal of Julius Cæsar has precipitated a total disintegration in the state of Rome.

The final couplet in the chill tones of Octavius should have a most ironic ring. These, the audience must feel, will be but empty glories and a sorry happiness.

THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

THE CHARACTERS

SOME ROMAN CITIZENS, among them A CARPENTER and A COBBLER
FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *tribunes*
JULIUS CÆSAR
CALPURNIA, *his wife*
MARCUS BRUTUS, *a noble Roman*
PORTIA, *his wife*
LUCIUS, *Brutus' boy*
CAIUS CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, *conspirators against Julius
Cæsar*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *senators*
MARCUS ANTONIUS, *Cæsar's lieutenant*
OCTAVIUS, *Cæsar's young nephew*
LEPIDUS, *one of the triumvirs*
ARTEMIDORUS
A SOOTHSAYER
CINNA, *a poet*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, CATO, VOLUMNIUS, *officers in
the armies of Brutus and Cassius*
A POET
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIO, STRATO, DARDANIUS, *followers of
Brutus*
PINDARUS, *Cassius' freedman*

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

SCENE 1 (ACT I, SCENE I)

At Rome there is general rejoicing. It is the Feast of Lupercal, and Cæsar is celebrating his victories over the last of the friends of Pompey, his dead rival. The Roman people, whose memories are short, as usual applaud the victor; they turn out gladly to keep holiday and see the show. But there are others who do not share their enthusiasm, for Cæsar's triumph is being celebrated over Romans, and his power seems to be growing too great.

A crowd of working men, dressed in their holiday best, come on; Flavius and Marullus, the tribunes, meet them.

FLAVIUS [*sternly*]. Hence! home, you idle creatures,
get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER [*who, being a member of the Gentle Craft, is rather a wag*]. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

COBBLER. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS [*impatiently*]. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

COBBLER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MARULLUS. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

COBBLER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with a wl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS [*bitterly*]. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*[The crowd, shamed and abashed by these words,
disperses in silence, leaving the tribunes alone.]*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

SCENE 2 (Act I, SCENE II)

Cæsar passes on his way to the games.

Julius Cæsar, the great dictator, has somewhat passed his prime. His physical powers are beginning to fail, and continual success has dulled the keenness of his mind. Now that his power is supreme, he begins to grow haughty, and he gives offence by his air of conscious superiority, for it is indeed plain that no one dares to oppose his will.

He is accompanied by Calpurnia and Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and a number of citizens, among whom is a soothsayer. Antony, his lieutenant, stripped for the race, walks by his side. Some little way behind follow the two tribunes, unwilling to join the throng, yet eager to see what will happen.

CÆSAR. Calpurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

CÆSAR. Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA. Here, my lord.

CÆSAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY. Cæsar, my lord?

CÆSAR. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

CÆSAR. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

SOOTHSAYER [*edging his way through the crowd*].

Cæsar!

CÆSAR. Ha! who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CÆSAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the Ides of March.

CÆSAR. What man is that?

BRUTUS. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of
March.

CÆSAR. Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASCA. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon
Cæsar.

[*The soothsayer is brought forward and stands
before Cæsar.*

CÆSAR. What sayst thou to me now? speak once
again.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the Ides of March.

CÆSAR. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*As the procession passes on Brutus turns aside;
Cassius follows him.*

The two men are a great contrast. Brutus is famous for his idealism and is ready to make any sacrifice for what he considers his duty. Moreover, he is descended from Lucius Junius Brutus, the founder of the Roman Republic. He is therefore sick at heart when he sees Cæsar destroying all the institutions which he holds most sacred.

Cassius, on the other hand, is practical and unscrupulous. He is, moreover, utterly consumed by jealousy of Cæsar.

CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS. Not I.

CASSIUS. I pray you, do.

BRUTUS. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome—
[With a sneer] Except immortal Cæsar—speaking of

Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common laugher, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[A noise of shouting is heard.]

BRUTUS. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASSIUS. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, “ Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? ” Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, “ Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! ”
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. [Bitterly] And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : ’tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, “ Give me some drink, Titinius,”
As a sick girl. [With growing indignation] Ye gods,
it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[Another and louder noise of shouting is heard.]

BRUTUS. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that
“ Cæsar ”?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

[*Brutus has not been moved by an appeal to his jealousy, but mention of his ancestor always stirs him. He begins to incline sympathetically to Cassius' suggestions.*

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said
 I will consider ; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

BRUTUS. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

CASSIUS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

[*The procession returns.*

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train :
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

[As he passes Cæsar notices Brutus and Cassius and suspects that they are criticizing him. He pauses.]

CÆSAR. Antonius !

ANTONY. Cæsar ?

CÆSAR *[glancing toward Cassius]*. Let me have men about me that are fat ;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;

He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

ANTONY. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ; He is a noble Roman and well given.

CÆSAR. Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not : Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;

He is a great observer and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[As the procession passes on Brutus draws Casca aside.]

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

BRUTUS. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

CASCA [*who affects a blunt, rude manner*]. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

BRUTUS. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him : and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS. What was the second noise for ?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CASSIUS. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRUTUS. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS. Who offered him the crown ?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA [*contemptuously*]. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ; and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS. But soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

BRUTUS. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be

taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS. And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

CASCA. Ay.

CASSIUS. Did Cicero say any thing ?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS. To what effect ?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again : but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS. Good : I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both. [He goes out.

BRUTUS. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS. I will do so : till then, think of the world.

[*Brutus withdraws.*

[*Gazing after Brutus*] Well, Brutus, thou art noble ;
yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed : therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?

Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

SCENE 3 (Act I, SCENE III)

A night of terrible thunder and lightning.

Casca, with his sword drawn, meets Cicero. Casca is much frightened, Cicero philosophically calm.

CICERO. Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

CASCA. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

CASCA. A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
“ These are their reasons ; they are natural ” ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

CASCA. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero.

[Cicero leaves him. Cassius approaches.

CASSIUS. Who's there ?

CASCA. A Roman.

CASSIUS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this ?

CASSIUS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

CASSIUS. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS [seeing that this is a good opportunity for
adding another convert to his conspiracy]. You are
dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not,
Cassius ?

CASSIUS. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS [vehemently]. I know where I will wear
this dagger then ;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. [*Another crash of thunder.*]

CASCA.

So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman ; then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA [*like most men thoroughly frightened, responds eagerly to this appeal to his courage.*]. You speak to
 Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS [*taking his hand*]. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

CASSIUS. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend. [*Cinna draws near*.]

Cinna, where haste you so ?

CINNA. To find out you. [*Not recognizing Cassius'*
companion in the darkness] Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

CASSIUS. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

CINNA. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

CINNA. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

CASSIUS. Be you content : [*giving Cinna some papers*]
good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS. That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

[*Cinna withdraws.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA. Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS. Him and his worth and our great need of
him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*They go out together.*

SCENE 4 (ACT II, SCENE I)

Just before dawn. Brutus anxiously paces up and down in his orchard. He must decide whether or not to join Cassius in the conspiracy to murder Cæsar, for he realizes that Cæsar cannot be checked by constitutional means. Either he must consent to the death of his benefactor or be false to his high principles.

BRUTUS [*calling for his boy*]. What, Lucius, ho!
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! what, Lucius !
 [*Lucius enters.*]

LUCIUS. Call'd you, my lord ?

BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS. I will, my lord. [*Lucius withdraws.*]

BRUTUS [*his principles beginning to get the better of his feelings, muses aloud*]. It must be by his death :
 and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd :
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that !
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell. *[Lucius returns.]*

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
[Giving him a letter] Searching the window for a flint,
I found

This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March ?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS. I will, sir. *[Lucius goes into the house.]*

BRUTUS. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

*[He opens the letter and reads it in the flickering
light of the flashes.]*

“ Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome . . . Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.
 [Looking at the letter again] "Shall Rome . . ." Thus
 must I piece it out:
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
 Rome?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? [His mind now quite resolved,
 he dedicates himself to the cause] O Rome, I make
 thee promise;
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

[Lucius comes back.]

LUCIUS. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking is heard on the gate.]

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
 knocks. [Lucius goes out.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection. [Lucius returns.]

LUCIUS. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS.

Is he alone?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are moe with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS. Let 'em enter. [Lucius withdraws.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? Oh, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

[Cassius comes in with his fellow conspirators, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

CASSIUS. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good Morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

BRUTUS. I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS. Yes, every man of them, and no man here But honours you; and every one doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you.

[Cassius presents the conspirators to Brutus one by one.

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS. He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS. This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS. He is welcome too.

CASSIUS. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night ?

CASSIUS. Shall I entreat a word ?

[Brutus and Cassius go aside and whisper together.]

DECIUS. Here lies the east : doth not the day break
here ?

CASCA. No.

CINNA. Oh, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceived
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*[Brutus and Cassius come back. Brutus has
promised to join the conspiracy and become its
leader. Henceforward he regards this plot
as a holy mission.]*

BRUTUS. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. [*With growing fervour*] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carriions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CASSIUS [*more concerned with the practical details*].

But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CINNA.

No, by no means.

METELLUS. Oh, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS. Oh, name him not : let us not break with
 him ;

For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

CASSIUS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.

DECIUS. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
 Cæsar ?

CASSIUS. Decius, well urged : I think it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRUTUS. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
 Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
 Oh that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! [With almost religious
 ecstasy] And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

CASSIUS. Yet I fear him ;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

BRUTUS [*interrupting*]. Alas, good Cassius, do not
think of him !

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

TREBONIUS. There is no fear in him ; let him not
die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*A clock strikes.*

BRUTUS. Peace ! count the clock.

CASSIUS. The clock hath stricken three

TREBONIUS. 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
[Cynically] But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

CINNA. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS. The morning comes upon's : we'll leave
you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :
And so good morrow to you every one.

[*The conspirators withdraw, leaving Brutus alone.*

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

[*Portia, Brutus' wife, approaches.*

PORȚIA.

Brutus, my lord !

BRUTUS. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORȚIA. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks ;
I urged you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot ;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS. I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA [*quite unconvinced by this obviously false excuse*]. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical

To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: [*kneeling*] and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORȚIA. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman; [proudly] but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking is heard on the gate.
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [Portia returns to the house.]

Lucius, who's that knocks?

[Lucius comes back with Ligarius.

LUCIUS. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

LIGARIUS. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS. Oh, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

LIGARIUS. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRUTUS. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome ! Brave son, derived from honourable loins ! Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible ; Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

BRUTUS. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS. But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

BRUTUS. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fired I follow you, To do I know not what : but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS. Follow me, then.

SCENE 5 (ACT II, SCENE II)

Early morning in Cæsar's house. The storm and the general panic have prevented Cæsar from sleeping. He comes in wearing his nightgown.

CÆSAR. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night :

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
" Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !" Who's within ?

[A servant enters.

SERVANT. My lord ?

CÆSAR. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT. I will, my lord.

[He withdraws. Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, approaches, much frightened.

CALPURNIA. What mean you, Cæsar ? think you to walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆSAR. Cæsar shall forth : the things that threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them !

CÆSAR. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

CALPURNIA. When beggars die, there are no comets
 seen ;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
 CÆSAR. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come. [The servant returns.

What say the augurers ?

SERVANT. They would not have you to stir forth
 to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆSAR. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible :
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence !
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house ;
And he shall say you are not well to-day :

[Kneeling] Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆSAR [not in the least dismayed by portents, but simply to humour Calpurnia]. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

[Decius enters.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS. Cæsar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

CÆSAR. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA. Say he is sick.

CÆSAR. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DECIUS [for the moment put out by this unexpected check to their plans]. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆSAR. The cause is in my will : I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know :
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, reliques, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CÆSAR. And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS [suggesting an argument which he knows Cæsar cannot resist]. I have, when you have heard what
I can say :

And know it now : the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
" Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper

“Lo, Cæsar is afraid”?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

CÆSAR [*touched on a weak spot by this reflection on his courage*]. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

[*Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna come in to escort Cæsar to the Senate-house.*]

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o'clock?

BRUTUS. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

CÆSAR. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

[*Antony enters.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS. Cæsar, I will : [to himself] and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆSAR. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS [sadly to himself]. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

SCENE 6A (ACT II, SCENE III)

In a street leading to the Senate-house Artemidorus waits to speak to Cæsar as he passes. He has heard of the conspiracy, and has written out a warning, which he hopes Cæsar will read.

ARTEMIDORUS [reading over his petition]. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber : Decius Brutus loves thee not : thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

SCENE 6B (ACT II, SCENE IV)

Portia in her anxiety cannot wait for news of the conspiracy at home, but comes out into the city with Lucius.

PORȚIA [in great agitation]. I prithee, boy, run to the Senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

LUCIUS. To know my errand, madam.
PORȚIA. I would have had thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?

LUCIUS [much puzzled by the strange behaviour of his mistress]. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

PORȚIA. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

LUCIUS. I hear none, madam.
PORȚIA. Prithee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
LUCIUS. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

[*The soothsayer passes by.*

PORcia. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

SOOTHSAYER. At mine own house, good lady.

PORcia. What is't o'clock ?

SOOTHSAYER. About the ninth hour, lady.

PORcia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

SOOTHSAYER. Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORcia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

SOOTHSAYER. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORcia [anxiously]. Why, knowst thou any harm's intended towards him ?

SOOTHSAYER. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good Morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [He passes on.

PORcia. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. Oh, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

SCENE 7 (Act III, SCENE I)

The Senate-house. A great throng surges in, among them Artemidorus and the soothsayer. Presently Cæsar makes his way through the people. With him are Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and Publius. As he enters he notices the soothsayer.

CÆSAR. The Ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS [*pushing his way through the crowd*]. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

DECIUS. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS [*eagerly*]. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

CÆSAR [*with dignity*]. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆSAR. What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS [*pushing Artemidorus aside*]. Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol. [Cæsar goes up to his chair.

POPILIUS [*to Cassius*]. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS. What enterprise, Popilius ?

POPILIUS. Fare you well.

[*He moves toward Cæsar, and speaks to him.*

BRUTUS. What said Popilius Lena ?

CASSIUS [*much agitated*]. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

CASSIUS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS [*calmly*]. Cassius, be constant : Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CASSIUS. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Trebonius leads Antony out of the Senate-house as Cæsar takes his seat.*

DECIUS. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

BRUTUS. He is address'd : press near and second him.

CINNA. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CÆSAR. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss That Cæsar and his Senate must redress ?

[*The conspirators gather round Cæsar as if to support Metellus Cimber in his petition.*

METELLUS [*kneeling*]. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart——

CÆSAR. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆSAR. What, Brutus!
CASSIUS [kneeling]. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆSAR. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire and every one doth shine,
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
 So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshaked of motion : and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this ;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

[*While Cæsar is speaking Casca creeps behind his chair.*

CINNA. O Cæsar——

CÆSAR. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

DECIUS. Great Cæsar——

CÆSAR. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me !

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the back. The other conspirators also draw their daggers and stab. Cæsar struggles desperately until he sees that Brutus too is numbered with his enemies ; then he makes no further resistance.*

CÆSAR. *Et tu, Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar !*

[*He covers his face with his toga, and falls dead at the foot of Pompey's statue.*

The people and senators rise and flee from the Senate-house in panic.

CINNA. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
 "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !"

BRUTUS. People and senators, be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still : ambition's debt is paid.

[*The conspirators, much excited, all talk at once.*

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS.

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS. Where's Publius ?

CINNA. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

BRUTUS. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS. Do so : and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers. [*Trebonius returns.*

CASSIUS. Where is Antony ?

TREBONIUS. Fled to his house amazed :
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were Doomsday.

BRUTUS. Fates, we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry " Peace, freedom and liberty ! "

[*They gather round Cæsar's body and bathe their hands in his blood.*]

CASSIUS. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

BRUTUS. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS. What, shall we forth ?

CASSIUS. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

[*Just as they are going a servant enters.*]

BRUTUS. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of Anthony's.

SERVANT [*kneeling*]. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
" Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

SERVANT. I'll fetch him presently. [*He withdraws.*

BRUTUS. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

CASSIUS. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS. But here comes Antony.

[*Antony comes in.*
Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.
[*To the murderers*] I know not, gentlemen, what you
intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS [*suggesting a more powerful inducement.*].

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
[*He takes each of them in turn by the hand.*] First,
Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;

Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;
 Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all—alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.

[*Looking at the body*] That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh,
 'tis true :

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble, in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius ! Hère wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie !

CASSIUS [*misliking the tenor of Antony's words*]. Mark
 Antony——

ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;

But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY [*smoothly*]. Therefore I took your hands,
 but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
 Our reasons are so full of good regard
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

ANTONY [*apparently moved only by loyalty to his dead leader*]. That's all I seek:
 And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS [*perceiving the folly of Brutus' decision, whispers in his ear*]. Brutus, a word with you.
 You know not what you do: do not consent
 That Antony speak in his funeral:
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS. By your pardon;
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY.

Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

BRUTUS. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*The conspirators go out of the Senate-house, leaving Antony alone with the body of Cæsar.*

So far Antony has been obliged to deal smoothly with the murderers. For the moment he was defenceless and in great danger, but by his presence of mind he has placated them, and, moreover, by his apparently simple request to speak at Cæsar's funeral has already won an advantage over the unpractical Brutus. Now that he is alone he can give utterance to his real thoughts.

ANTONY [*gazing sadly on Cæsar's body*]. Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry “ Havoc,” and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[A servant enters.]

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Cæsar did write for him to come to
 Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

[Noticing Cæsar's body] O Cæsar !

ANTONY. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
 weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

SERVANT. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
 Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[They carry Cæsar's body out of the Senate-house.

SCENE 8 (Act III, SCENE II)

Brutus and Cassius enter the Forum, followed by a large crowd of citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN. I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN. I will hear Cassius ; and compare
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Cassius departs, followed by some of the citizens; the rest stay to hear Brutus. He goes up on to the rostrum amid the respectful silence of the crowd.

THIRD CITIZEN. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done

no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[*Antony approaches with the bearers carrying the body of Cæsar on a bier.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL [*quite won over to his side*]. Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Cæsar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll bring him to his house With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS. My countrymen—

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!

BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*The crowd make way for Brutus as he departs.*

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Antony goes up into the rostrum.*

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus ?

THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, that's certain :
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY. You gentle Romans——

CITIZENS. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

ANTONY [*his voice broken with emotion, and his sentences coming forth slowly, one by one.*]. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

Change
introspective—He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, “He was ambitious” ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, “He was ambitious” ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, “He was ambitious” ;
[With a faint suspicion of irony] And, sure, he is an
honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

[He breaks down and weeps. The crowd are deeply touched at the sight of his emotion.]

FIRST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

[Beginning to grow eloquent, but immediately checking himself] I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

[*The crowd, now that its curiosity has been aroused, is eager to hear more.*]

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, oh, what would come of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will; we'll hear it,
Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

[*Very bitterly*] I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors: honourable
men!

ALL [*their excitement growing*]. The will! the testa-
ment!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers:
the will! read the will.

ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down from the rostrum, and stands by the bier. The citizens crowd round him.]

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Stand back; room; bear back.

[As soon as the crowd has drawn back a little Antony takes up Cæsar's bloodstained military cloak and spreads it out.]

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

*crowd
spreads
not
at all*

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep ; and, *I* perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? *[Uncovering the body]*

Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
FIRST CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle !
SECOND CITIZEN. O noble Cæsar !
THIRD CITIZEN. O woeful day !
FOURTH CITIZEN. O traitors, villains !
FIRST CITIZEN. O most bloody sight !
SECOND CITIZEN. We will be revenged.

[The suggestion is taken up, and there are cries from all sides.]

ALL. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !
Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY [beginning again in a quiet and persuasive manner]. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable :

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : [with sudden passion] but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

ANTONY [pretending to be surprised at their display of temper]. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not ! I must tell you, then :

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives, To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar !

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho !

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbours and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never. Come, away, away ! We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[The crowd break loose. They take up Cæsar's body, and rush off to burn it.]

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt! *[A servant enters.]* How now, fellow!

SERVANT. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY. Where is he?

SERVANT. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANTONY. And thither will I straight to visit him: He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.

SERVANT. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY *[with grim satisfaction].* Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

SCENE 9 (Act III, SCENE III)

Cinna the poet, very foolishly in these troublous times, takes a walk abroad.

CINNA. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar, And things unluckily charge my fantasy: I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

[A crowd of excited citizens come on, all speaking at once.]

FIRST CITIZEN. What is your name?
 SECOND CITIZEN. Whither are you going?
 THIRD CITIZEN. Where do you dwell?
 FOURTH CITIZEN. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN. Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN. Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN. As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA. As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN. That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN. Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA. Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

CINNA [*in panic*]. I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN. It is no matter, his name's Cinna;

pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands; to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*The citizens fall on Cinna and tear him to pieces.*

SCENE 10 (ACT IV, SCENE I)

Some months have elapsed, and the Roman Empire is once more rent by civil war. Those of Cæsar's party are led by the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Octavius, Cæsar's nephew and heir, is a cold-blooded young man who has determined to succeed to Cæsar's power; but for the present he sees that it is best to join forces with Antony. Lepidus, the third member of the triumvirate, is a mere makeweight, in every way inferior to his partners.

The triumvirs are seated round a table, marking the list of their enemies who are to be proscribed.

ANTONY. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS. I do consent—

OCTAVIUS. Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS. What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Lepidus withdraws.*

ANTONY. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS [*coldly*]. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth ;
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear.
Millions of mischiefs.

SCENE 11 (Act IV, SCENE II)

Some months later. The conspirators with their forces are near Sardis, where they await the coming of Antony and Octavius.

Brutus is sick at heart, for all his hopes have come to nothing. Cæsar's death has not been followed by a return of liberty, but by civil war, proscriptions, and general chaos. With failure tempers have grown embittered,

and differences are beginning to arise between Cassius and himself.

Brutus, with Lucilius, one of his lieutenants, and Lucius, is ready to receive Cassius. Titinius comes in with Pindarus, Cassius' servant, and salutes him.

BRUTUS. Stand, ho !

LUCILIUS. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

BRUTUS. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

LUCILIUS. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

BRUTUS. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

PINDARUS. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRUTUS. He is not doubted. [Taking Lucilius apart]
A word, Lucilius ;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

LUCILIUS. With courtesy and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

LUCILIUS. They mean this night in Sardis to be
 quarter'd ;
 The greater part, the horse in general,
 Are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS. Hark ! he is arrived.
 March gently on to meet him.

[Cassius, followed by some soldiers, approaches.

CASSIUS. Stand, ho !

BRUTUS. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER. Stand !

SECOND SOLDIER. Stand !

THIRD SOLDIER. Stand !

CASSIUS [indignantly]. Most noble brother, you have
 done me wrong.

BRUTUS. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?
 And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

CASSIUS [raising his voice]. Brutus, this sober form
 of yours hides wrongs ;

And when you do them —

BRUTUS [calmly]. Cassius, be content ;
 Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,
 Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
 Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

SCENE 12 (Act IV, SCENE III)

Brutus and Cassius discuss their grievances in private.

CASSIUS [*unable to contain his wrath*]. That you have
wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

CASSIUS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS. Chastisement!

BRUTUS. Remember March, the Ides of March remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? [Bitterly] What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

[Both men have now lost their tempers.

Cassius rages noisily; Brutus, more self-controlled, is icily contemptuous.

CASSIUS. Brutus, bay not me;
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

BRUTUS. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS. I am.

BRUTUS. I say you are not.

CASSIUS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS. Away, slight man!

CASSIUS. Is't possible?

BRUTUS. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all
 this?

BRUTUS. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS. Is it come to this?

BRUTUS. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS. If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS. I durst not!

BRUTUS. No.

CASSIUS. What, durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS. For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS. I denied you not.

BRUTUS. You did.

CASSIUS. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS. You love me not.

BRUTUS. I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS [*unable to bear the strain any longer*]. Come,
Antony and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! [Drawing his dagger and
offering it to Brutus] There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
 better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS. Sheathe your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

BRUTUS. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS. Do you confess so much ? Give me your
 hand.

BRUTUS. And my heart too.

[They take each other's hands and are reconciled.

CASSIUS.

O Brutus !

BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

CASSIUS. Have not you love enough to bear with
me,When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?BRUTUS. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.*[A scuffle is heard outside. It is the camp poet
trying to force his way past Lucilius.]*POET. Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS. You shall not come to them.

POET. Nothing but death shall stay me.

*[The poet breaks away and rushes into the tent,
followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.]*

CASSIUS. How now! what's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!

CASSIUS. Away, away, be gone!

*[The poet is thrust out.]*BRUTUS. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CASSIUS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [Lucilius and Titinius withdraw.

BRUTUS. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Lucius goes out.

CASSIUS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS [with great weariness]. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS. Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong—for with her death That tidings came—with this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS [horrified]. And died so?

BRUTUS.

Even so.

CASSIUS.

O ye immortal gods!

[Lucius comes back with a bowl of wine and candles, which he sets on the table. Brutus and Cassius pledge each other.

BRUTUS. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

CASSIUS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

BRUTUS. Come in, Titinius ! [Lucius withdraws.

[Titinius returns with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

[They sit round the table and produce their dispatches.

CASSIUS [still musing on Brutus' terrible loss]. Portia,
art thou gone ?

BRUTUS. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

BRUTUS. With what addition ?

MESSALA. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one

CASSIUS. Cicero one !

MESSALA. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

BRUTUS. No, Messala.

MESSALA. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

BRUTUS. Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA. That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA. No, my lord.

BRUTUS. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS [*stoically*]. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS. Well, to our work alive. What do you think Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS. I do not think it good.

BRUTUS. Your reason?

CASSIUS. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS. Hear me, good brother——

BRUTUS [*silencing his objection*]. Under your pardon.

You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS [*calling*]. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, good
Messala:

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Every thing is well.

CASSIUS. Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS. Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS. }
MESSALA. } Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS. Farewell, every one.

[*Cassius, Titinius, and Messala withdraw. Lucius comes in with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS. Here in the tent.

BRUTUS. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS [*calling*]. Varro and Claudius!

[*Varro and Claudius enter.*

VARRO. Calls my lord?

BRUTUS. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

BRUTUS. I will not have it so: lie down, good
sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down and sleep.*

LUCIUS. I was sure your lordship did not give it
me.

BRUTUS. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS. It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

*[Lucius begins to sing, but soon his head falls
forward, and he sleeps.]*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

[Taking the instrument from the sleeping boy] If thou
dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*[He begins to read. After a few moments he
looks up and sees the ghost of Cæsar standing
near him.]*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil.

That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Why comest thou?

GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*The ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

[*Calling*] Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

LUCIUS [*drowsily*]. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

LUCIUS. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any
thing?

LUCIUS. Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To*
Varro] Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO. My lord?

CLAUDIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRO. } Did we, my lord?
CLAUDIUS. }

BRUTUS. Ay: saw you any thing?

VARRO. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS.

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS. Go and commend me to my brother
Cassius;Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.VARRO. } It shall be done, my lord.
CLAUDIUS.

SCENE 13 (ACT V, SCENE I)

*On the plains of Philippi Antony and Octavius, with
their army, watch the enemy's movements.*

OCTAVIUS. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
 You said the enemy would not coime down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions ;
 It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content
 To visit other places ; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
 But 'tis not so. [A messenger enters hastily.]

MESSENGER. Prepare you, generals :
 The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the
left.

ANTONY [*with irritation*]. Why do you cross me in
this exigent?

OCTAVIUS [*coldly*]. I do not cross you; but I will
do so.

[*They cease their argument as Brutus and Cassius,
attended by Lucilius, Titinius, Messala,
and some soldiers, are drawing near to
parley.*]

BRUTUS. They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

ANTONY. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS [*to his soldiers*]. Stir not until the signal.

[*Antony and Octavius go up to Brutus and his
party.*]

BRUTUS. Words before blows: is it so, country-
men?

OCTAVIUS. Not that we love words better, as you
do.

BRUTUS. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

ANTONY. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

ANTONY. Not stingless too.

BRUTUS. Oh, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

CASSIUS. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

[Drawing his sword] Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS. Oh, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable !

CASSIUS. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

ANTONY. Old Cassius still !

OCTAVIUS. Come, Antony, away !

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field :

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Antony, Octavius, and their soldiers withdraw.*

CASSIUS. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS. My lord ?

[*Brutus leads Lucilius aside.*

CASSIUS. Messala !

MESSALA. What says my general ?

CASSIUS. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;

Who to Philippi here consorted us :
 This morning are they fled away and gone ;
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA. Believe not so.

CASSIUS. I but believe it partly ;
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS. Even so, Lucilius.

[*Brutus and Lucilius rejoin the others.*

CASSIUS. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

BRUTUS. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself, I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life : arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

CASSIUS. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome !

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CASSIUS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS. Why, then, lead on. Oh that a man might
know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !

SCENE 14 (Act V, SCENE II)

The battle. Brutus gives orders to Messala.

BRUTUS. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

SCENE 15 (ACT V, SCENE III)

The battle. At the foot of a hill Cassius and Titinius watch the fight, which is going badly.

CASSIUS. Oh, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TITINIUS. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

[*Pindarus runs in.*

PINDARUS. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS. They are, my lord.

CASSIUS. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Titinius goes out.*

CASSIUS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus climbs the hill.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;

My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS [*from above*]. O my lord!

CASSIUS. What news?

PINDARUS. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. Oh, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*A shout is heard.*] And, hark! they shout
for joy.

CASSIUS. Come down, behold no more.
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
Come hither, sirrah: [*Pindarus returns.*]
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath;

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar,
thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Cassius dies.*]

PINDARUS. So, I am free; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Pindarus runs away. Titinius comes back with Messala.*]

MESSALA. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA. Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS [*bending over Cassius' body*]. He lies not like
the living. O my heart!

MESSALA. Is not that he?

TITINIUS. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TITINIUS. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pin-
darus?

MESSALA. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Messala goes out*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing !
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[He stabs himself with Cassius' sword, and falls dead beside his general.

Messala returns with Brutus, Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

BRUTUS. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO,

He is slain.

[They stand round the bodies.

BRUTUS. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

CATO

Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

SCENE 16 (ACT V, SCENE IV)

The battle. The forces of Brutus have been routed.
Brutus, Cato, and Lucilius enter.

BRUTUS. Yet, countrymen, oh, yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

BRUTUS. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!*[Brutus goes back to the fight. Some of Antony's
soldiers rush in; Cato attacks them and is
killed.]*

LUCILIUS. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

[*The soldiers surround Lucilius.*

FIRST SOLDIER. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS. Only I yield to die:

[*Offering them his purse*] There is so much that thou
wilt kill me straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER. We must not. A noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus
is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll tell the news. Here comes the
general. [*Antony approaches.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY. Where is he?

LUCILIUS. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word into Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.

SCENE 17 (ACT V, SCENE V)

The battle. All Brutus' troops have fled. He is left with Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRUTUS. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*He whispers to Clitus.*

CLITUS. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS. Peace then! no words.

CLITUS. I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS [*whispering*]. Hark thee, Dardanius.

DARDANIUS. Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS. O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS. O Clitus!

CLITUS. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

VOLUMNIUS. What says my lord?

BRUTUS. Why, this, Volumnius?

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS. Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou knowst that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

CLITUS. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

CLITUS. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS. Hence! I will follow.

[*Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius make off.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO. Give me your hand first. Fare you well,
my lord

BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato. Cæsar, now be
still :

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*Brutus runs on the sword which Strato holds,
and so kills himself.*]

*Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and
some soldiers draw near.*

OCTAVIUS. What man is that?

MESSALA. My master's man. Strato, where is thy
master?

STRATO [*pointing to the body*]. Free from the bondage
you are in, Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCILIUS. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

STRATO. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS. Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA. How died my master, Strato ?

STRATO. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MESSALA. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY [*reverently covering the body*]. This was the
noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world “ This was a man ! ”

OCTAVIUS. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest ; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

*[The soldiers take up the body of Brutus and
march away, followed by Messala, Titinius,
Octavius, and Antony.]*

GLOSSARY

abide, suffer for
abjects, contemptible things
across, folded
address'd, ready
Æneas, one of the few who escaped from the siege of Troy, was the reputed founder of the Roman race
affections, personal inclinations.
Anchises, the father of Æneas
annoy, harm
answer'd, paid for
apprehensive, intelligent
apt, ready to receive
astonish, terrify
Ate, the goddess of strife

bait, worry (in the sense of bear-baiting)
bang, blow; "bear me a bang," receive a blow
base, low
basis: "Pompey's basis," the foot of Pompey's statue
battles, troops
bay, bark at
bay'd, brought to bay
bend, inclination
bent, direction
bills, orders, messages
bird of night, owl
bootless, in vain
break with, mention to

Brutus, the murderer of Cæsar, claimed descent from Lucius Junius Brutus, who drove Tarquin the Proud from Rome
bustling rumour, noise of tumult

cancel his captivity, release himself from his captivity
cast yourself in wonder, throw yourself into a state of wonder
cautelous, deceitful
ceremony, (1) symbols of worship—so ornaments, (2) omens, (3) ceremonious behaviour
change: "In his own change," through a change in his nature. "It is but change," exchange
charactery, writing. So "All the charactery of my sad brows," the cares written in my forehead
charge, lay heavy on
charges, commands, troops
chew upon, ponder
choler, anger
chopped, chapped, rough
clean from, quite contrary to
climate, country

close in terms, come to terms
cognizance, token
Colossus, a gigantic statue.
 The Colossus at Rhodes was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and was popularly supposed to bestride the harbour so that ships could sail between its legs
colour, excuse
companion, fellow—as a term of contempt
compass, full circle
complexion, appearance
conceit, estimate, consider
conceptions, considerations
condition, temper
confidence, overconfidence
confines, regions
conjure, call up a spirit
conn'd by rote, learned by heart
consorted, accompanied
constancy, firmness of temper
constant, firm
construe, translate, attribute a meaning to
content, calm
contrive, plot
controversy : "hearts of controversy," valiant rivalry
corse, corpse
couchings, crouchings
course, race. During the Feast of Lupercal young men used to run naked round the city, striking those whom they met with strips of hide

cut from the sacrificed animal
courtesies, signs of respect
cross'd in conference, opposed in debate
cull out, choose
cynic, cur
degrees, steps
dint, dent, blow
discover, uncover, reveal
disrobe, strip off the garlands
doublet, jacket
drachma, a Greek coin worth about 10*d.*
element, heavens
emulation, jealous rivalry
enforced, (1) exaggerated, (2) struck with force
enfranchisement, freedom
engaged, pledged faith
enlarge, set free, give expression to
ensign, (1) standard, (2) standard-bearer
envy, hatred
Epicurus, a Greek philosopher who taught that happiness, the result of peace of mind, was the greatest good. He held that the gods, if they existed, did not trouble themselves about men, and therefore omens and superstitions were to be condemned. "Epicureanism," in a bad sense, was a later development

Erebus, hell	general, public; "general honest thought," honestly planning for the common good
even virtue, true virtue	Genius, mind, the controlling force in man
ever, always	gives way, leaves a way for
exhalations, meteors	glanced, suggested
exigent, emergency	glazed, looked with a glassy stare
extenuated, cut down	grieves, grievances
face, appearance	growing, gaining ground on
faction, conspiracy	hands, handwritings
factious, active; so 'rebellious'	havoc: "cry 'Havoc,' " no quarter!
fain, gladly	head: "make head," raise troops
fall, (1) happen, befall, (2) let fall	health, safety
falling sickness, epilepsy	hearts of controversy, valiant rivalry
famed with, made famous by	hedge me in, curtail my authority
familiar instances, little marks of kindness	hie, hasten
fantasy, imagination	high-sighted, haughty
fashion, shape	hinds, deer
favour, look, outward appearance	honey-heavy, sweet
fear, cause of fear	hooted, shouted, cried
fearful bravery, a show of courage due to fear	humour, (<i>noun</i>) passing fancy; (<i>verb</i>) indulge
fell, terrible	humours, damp air
figures, dreams caused by care	Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey
first decree, that which was ordained at first	Ides of March, March 15
fleering, grinning, sneering	images, statues
fond, foolish	incorporate: "one incorporate to our attempts," one with us in our purposes
form, behaviour, manner	indifferently, with indifference
formal, outward appearance of	
former, foremost	
forth, out	
freedom of repeal, restoration to his rights as a free man	
fret, (1) cut through, (2) vexed	

indirection, underhand means
insuppressive, not to be suppressed
intermit, put off

jades, poor-spirited horses
jealous on, mistrustful of

kerchief: "to wear a kerchief," to be muffed up like an invalid

kind, nature
knave, boy

laugher: "a common laugh'er," one who makes cheap jokes

leaden points, *i.e.*, with no power to cut

lethe, death

liable, subject

lief, gladly

limitation, a set time. *See* sort

lottery, turn

lovers, friends

low-crooked, bending low

Lupercal. The Feast of Lupercal was held on February 15

lusty, manly

mace, club; "Lay'st thou thy leaden mace," strikest thou him down as with a heavy mace

main, general

makes to, go toward

marr'd, destroyed

mart, traffic in

masker, one who spends his time in entertainments

mean, means
mechanical, men who work with the hands, mechanics
merely, only, entirely
metal, same as "mettle"
mettle, temper; "quick mettle," lively disposition

mock: "a mock Apt to be rendered," a jibe likely to be made

modesty, moderation

moe, more

monstrous quality, unnatural ways

mortal instruments, the bodily members which obey the mind

mortified, decaying

motion, suggestion

neat's leather, ox-hide
Nervil, a Belgian tribe defeated by Cæsar in Gaul

niggard, put off

noted, publicly disgraced

occupation, business

offence, trouble; "sick offence," a trouble which makes one sick

ordinance, the natural order of things

orts, scraps of food

out: "be out," be out at heels

palm, prize of victory in the race

passion, strong feeling, emotion; " vexed . . . with passions," torn by conflicting emotions

GLOSSARY

path, to walk abroad
phantasma, nightmare
Philippi, in Macedonia
physical, healthy
pitch, the flight of a hawk
pitiful, full of pity
pleasures, pleasure grounds
Plutus, the god of wealth
portentous, prophesying evil
posture: "posture of your
blows," manner of your
blows
power, army
prefer, put forward
preformed faculties, the
powers with which they are
endowed
pre-ordinance: "turn pre-
ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children,"
make that which has been
ordained and decreed as of
great importance like the cap-
ricious judgment of children
presage, foretell
present, immediate; "for the
present," for this present time
presently, immediately
prevent, forestall, act before
one's adversary
prevention, discovery
prick, spur
prick'd, ticked off, noted in
the list
prodigious grown, become
a portent
proof, example
proper, belonging to oneself
proscription, a Roman

method of dealing with poli-
tical opponents. A list of the
proscribed enemies of the
State was published; anyone
slaying them was entitled to
succeed to their property
protester, one who protests
friendship
question of, inquiry into
rabblement, rabble
range on, continue its course
regard, design
remorse, pity
repealing, calling back from
banishment
replication, reverberation
resolved: "be resolved," have
my doubts answered
respect, reputation
resting, staying still
retentive: "can bereten-
tive," can hold in
rheumy, moist, causing fever
rived, split
Rome indeed and room
enough. In Shakespeare's
time Rome was pronounced
'Roome'
round, rung
rout, crowd, common herd
scandal, speak scandal of
scarfs, streamers
security, carelessness
semblance: "thy native sem-
blance on," in your natural
garb, without concealment

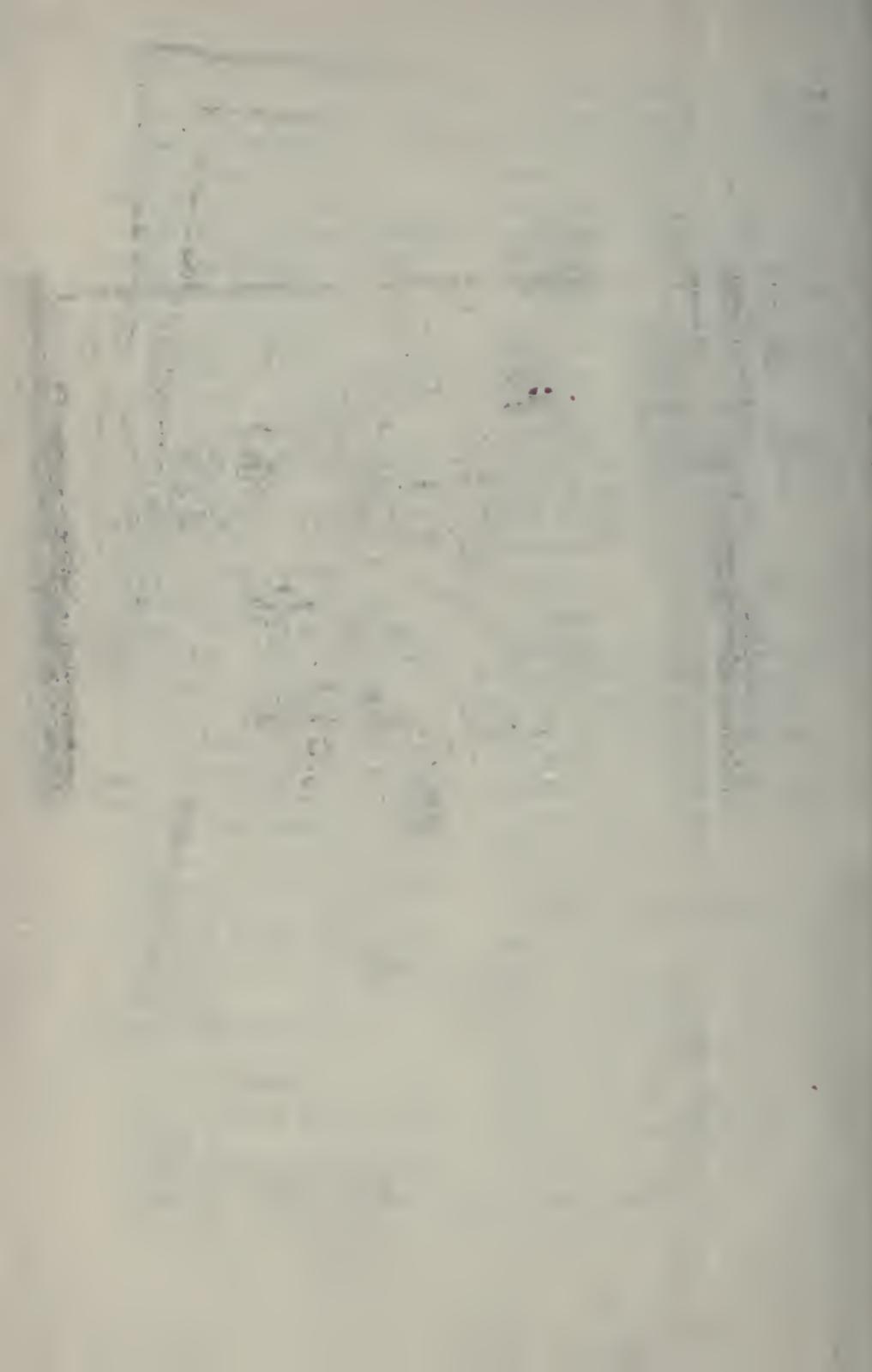
JULIUS CÆSAR

severally, separately
shadow, reflection
shape, body
show of love, kindly manner
shrewdly, very much, sharply
sign'd, stained
smatch, smack, taste
soil, stain, blemish
sort, kind, degree; "Am I
yourself; But, as it were, in
sort or limitation," am I
your other half only in a
measure or at some limited
times?

spleen, anger
spoil, blood
stale, make common
stare, stand on end
start of the majestic
world, outstrips every one
else
sterile curse, the curse of
barrenness
still, always
stomach, inclination, appetite
strength of malice, in spite
of our enmity to Cæsar
sufferance, servile endurance
suit, petition
sway of earth, government
of the world—*i.e.*, firmest
things
swound, swoon, faint

tag-rag, common
take thought, grow melan-
choly
Tarquin, the Proud, the last
King of Rome, was driven

out by Brutus, an ancestor
of the Brutus in the play
taste, degree
temper, constitution
testy, bad-tempered, touchy
Thasos, an island in the
Ægean Sea
these and these, such
time of life, the full span of life
tinctures, stains. At the execu-
tions of great men the by-
standers sometimes dipped
their handkerchiefs in the
blood and kept them as relics
toils, nets
trophies, emblems of victory
unbraced, with the throat
exposed
underlings, inferior beings
unmeritable, without merit
unnumbered, innumerable
unpurged, not yet cleared by
the sun
unshaked of motion, not
shaken by movements
untrod, new
use, custom
ventures, what we have risked
void, empty
wafture, waving
warn, summon
weighing, pondering
wind, turn
with, by
world, the condition of the
world
yearns, grieves



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Shakespeare, William.
Julius Caesar

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